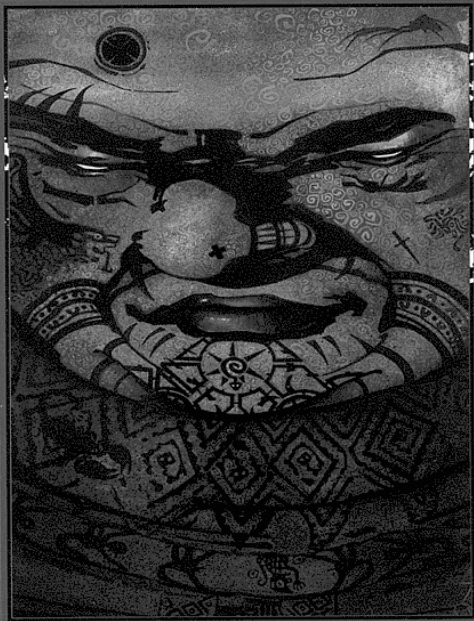


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CLIVE BARKER'S
HELLRAISER™



D.G. Chichester
Gil Ashby

Dan Lawlis
John Rheame

Malcolm Smith
Mike McMahon



foreword
D.G. Chichester

**Devil's Brigade Part Seventeen:
Hell Hath No Fury**

Dwayne McDuffie
D.G. Chichester

writer
Gil Ashby
artist
Gaspar
letterer

This, I Saw
Malcolm Smith
writer
Mike McMahon
artist
Michael Heisler
letterer

**Devil's Brigade: Finale
Reckoning**

D.G. Chichester

writer
Dan Lawlis
with
John Rheume
artists
Rick Parker
letterer

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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ Book 16

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CHRISTIAN 94

There's something to be said for an 18 part story like "The Devil's Brigade," involving dozens of creators and covering 10 issues.

Epic. Pointless. Interconnected. Disjointed. Unifying. Out-of-control. You can say all those things.

And, being the gentle reader that you are, you no doubt will — to yourself, to your friends, to these offices in correspondence dripping with praise and venom. But the final assessment of Leviathan's Vasa Iniquitatis and their unholy crusade for order-over-chaos notwithstanding, the fact remains we have come to the conclusion of the preternatural Time Of Configuration that kicked it all off to begin with.

Needless to say, there's hell to pay.

Collecting on behalf of the abyss are myself and co-writer Dwayne McDuffie (who, in addition to his regular duties programming *Deathlok* is also penning a *Demon* or two uptown at DC). In "Fury," Dr. Casey Gioeli discovers the price of seeking humanitarian cures through the auspice of the inhuman; Gil Ashby provides the visuals. The Cenobites must face a "Reckoning" for their actions on behalf of their dark god in its time of greatest need; Dan Lawlis and John Rheaume are the artists, making a sinful segue from the Rawhead Rex storyline over in *Nightbreed*. Finally, actor/writer Malcolm Smith (trading a fallen priest's collar in the *Nightbreed* movie for a word processor's keyboard in this Hellraiser comic) leads the way into the world of Morte Mammé, an ancient enemy of Leviathan about to make a dramatic and deadly return next issue. "This I Saw" is illustrated by the exceptionally talented Mr. Mike McMahon.

It all starts on the very next page, so why delay?

There's no saving yourself now.

THIS IS A HORROR STORY.

"I REALLY DON'T KNOW
MUCH ABOUT AIDS...IT'S
NOT MY PROBLEM."

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW
ANYBODY CAN EVEN WANT
TO HAVE CASUAL SEX ANYMORE."

"SEX AND DRUGS ARE
BOTH PLEASURE AT A
PRICE. THEY ALWAYS
HAVE BEEN."

"WHO'S GETTING AIDS?
JUNKIES AND RABBITOES,
RIGHT? SO NOBODY
CARES."

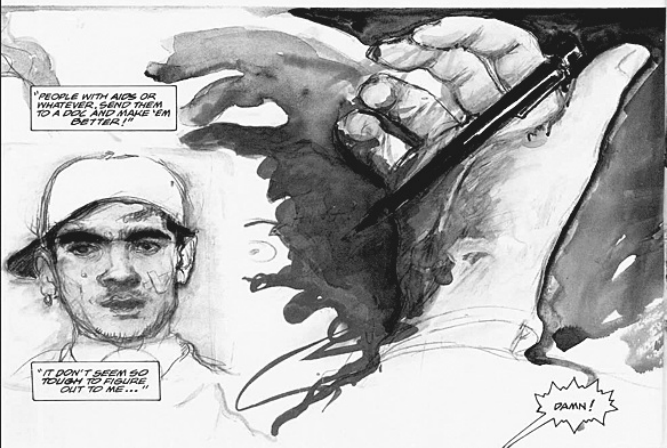
"I DON'T LIKE TO SUFFER.
I DON'T DESERVE TO. I
DON'T IMAGINE ANYONE
ELSE DOES EITHER."

"IT'S A PUNISHMENT FROM GOD!
GOD HATES SINNERS AND HE'S
WIPING THEM OUT!"



"THEY WOULDN'T BE SICK AT ALL--
SICK AS IN ILL--IF THEY KEPT
THEIR PARTS WHERE THEY BELONG."

"MY GRANDBABY IS DEAD.
22 YEARS OLD AND A JUNKIE...
HE SHARED A NEEDLE AND
GOT AIDS. I WONDER WHO
ELSE HE SHARED WITH."



"PEOPLE WITH AIDS OR
WHATEVER, SEND THEM
TO A DOC AND MAKE 'EM
BETTER!"

"IT DON'T SEEM SO
TOUGH TO FIGURE
OUT TO ME..."

DAMN!



*INK ON HER HANDS.
BLOOD ON HER HANDS?*

*CASEY GIGELI, PH.D. HAS ALWAYS
BEEN WILLING TO DO WHAT-
EVER IT TOOK IN ORDER TO
GET WHAT SHE WANTS.*

*CASEY GIGELI, PH.D. ALWAYS
GETS THE RIGHT ANSWERS.*

*NOW, SHE THINKS, WOULD
BE A VERY GOOD TIME TO
BREAK PRECEDENT.*

*CASEY GIGELI, PH.D. IS BOTH
AWESOMELY INTELLIGENT
AND RELENTLESSLY DRIVEN.
SHE ALWAYS ~~HAS~~ BEEN.*

*CASEY? YOU'VE BEEN
REVIEWING THOSE TAPES
FOR HOURS! WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO?*

*MORRIS DILLIARD, HER
SUPERVISOR, HER LOVER.
HE'S ASKING HER WHAT
SHE INTENDS TO DO ABOUT
HER VACCINE.*

*I DON'T
KNOW,
MORRIS.*

*SHE DOESN'T, EVEN THOUGH
SHE WAS BRILLIANT
ENOUGH TO DEVELOP AN
AIDS VACCINE. SHE'S NO-
WHERE NEAR BRILLIANT
ENOUGH TO DECIDE
WHETHER TO ALLOW IT
TO BE USED.*

D.G. Chichester
Dwayne McDuffie
writers
Gil Ashby
artist
Gaspar
letterer

FURY



YOU'RE AFRAID
OF THE BAN?

THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION
HAS BANNED HER RESEARCH
PENDING AN INVESTIGATION OF THE...
UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES BEHIND
ITS INITIAL PRESENTATION.

NO, MY CAREER
IS FINISHED,
WHATEVER
THEY DO.

I'M AFRAID THAT I DON'T
HAVE THE RIGHT TO MAKE
A DECISION OF THIS
MAGNITUDE FOR OTHER
PEOPLE.



WHO BETTER TO DECIDE
THAN YOU? CASEY, YOUR
VACCINE MAY BE A
CURE FOR AIDS!

AND IF IT IS, SHE'S
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE LIVES OF THOSE
WHO DIE WHILE SHE
MAKES HER DECISION.

IF IT ISN'T... WELL, SHE
DOESN'T KNOW WHAT
WILL HAPPEN.



INK, AT LEAST, WASHES OFF...



YOU KNOW AS WELL
AS I DO THAT THE
VACCINE IS UNTESTED,
UNDER RESEARCHED...

...AND DOWNRIGHT
RADICAL, I'VE HEARD.
AND YET, IF YOU CARED
ABOUT THE DYING
MASSES...



HOW DARE
YOU! HOW
DARE
YOU!!



DON'T TALK TO ME
ABOUT CARING / AND
STOP TELLING ME
WHAT TO DO, YOU
DON'T KNOW ME
THAT WELL!

YOU WANTED ME FOR
SEX AND I WANTED
YOU FOR YOUR COM-
PUTER. WE BOTH GOT
WHAT WE WANTED.
LET'S LEAVE IT AT
THAT.

CASSEY GIOBELI,
PHD, TAKES
HER LEAVE.



AS LOVELY IN HER
FURY AS SHE WAS
IN THE THROES OF
PASSION.



HIS LABYRINTHINE IMAGINATIONS
HAVE MANEUVERED HER TO A
POSITION WHERE SHE WILL BE
WILLING TO DO WHAT MUST BE
DONE.

A SATISFIED SMILE SPLITS
THE SEAMS OF "DILLIARD'S"
VENEER.



METAL PINS PUNCTURE
BORROWED FLESH



A HAND MOVES
QUICKLY
TO REPAIR THE
DAMAGE.

AFTER ALL, ONE HAS TO
KEEP UP APPEARANCES.



DAMN MORRIS DILLIARD
TO HELL! HE WANTED
HER TO DO IT.

IS THE
BUZZER
BROKEN?



IT'S BEEN FOUR OR
FIVE MONTHS SINCE
DR. FISHER TAUGHT
HER THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN COMMIT-
MENT AND PASSION.

IF SHE'S GOING TO
BE A CRUSADER, SHE
NEEDS HIS HELP.

AND SHE KNEW
THAT HER FRIEND
HAS AIDS.

HE'S LOST
SEVENTY
POUNDS.

I DIDN'T
EXPECT TO
EVER SEE
YOU AGAIN.

HIS
VOICE
BATTLES
LIKE THE
MORNING
PAPER.



...AND HERE SHE IS,
STANDING ON DR.
BERNARD FISHER'S
PORCH, PREPARING
TO DO EXACTLY
WHAT DILLIARD
WANTED.

DOOR'S
OPEN.



BERNIE?
YOU
HOME?



WHO'S
HERE?

IT'S ME!
CAROL,
I--



PURPLE BLOTCHES
ON PALE WHITE SKIN.
KAROL'S BARGAIN.

THERE IS A SMELL IN
THE ROOM, ONE THAT
SHE ALWAYS ASSO-
CIATED WITH HOSPITALS.
NOW SHE KNOWS BETTER.



SHE DIDN'T MEAN TO
REACT. SHE THOUGHT
SHE HAD PREPARED
HERSELF.
AFTER ALL, SHE'S
A DOCTOR.

IT IS THE
SCENT OF
DEATH.



SHE DIDN'T MEAN TO BAMP AIR ESCAPING FROM HER LUNGS WITH A SNEEZE AS SHE STUMBLES BACKWARDS LIKE THE SHRINKING HEROINE OF A HORROR FILM.



BUT THE NIGHT BEFORE HER IS MORE TERRIFYING THAN ANY FILM.

MY FRIENDS DON'T CALL ANYMORE.



THE CO-OP BOARD WANTS TO THROW ME OUT OF MY APARTMENT. THE INSURANCE COMPANY IS LOOKING FOR LOOPOLES IN MY POLICY.



HE DOESN'T HAVE TO DIE...

NOT NECESSARILY!

THE LAST TIME WE MET, YOU HELPED ME A GREAT DEAL. I WANT TO RETURN THE FAVOR.



IT'S EXPERIMENTAL. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THE RISKS ARE.

BUT THIS VACCINE CAN--MIGHT--BE ABLE TO CURE YOU, AND SO MANY OTHERS.

RISK? WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?

THE NAMELESS ONE HAS DISCARDED HIS SHEATH OF FLESH. THE DECEPTION IS NO LONGER PERTINENT. A FALSE IMAGE DISCARDED AS THE TRUTH FLICKERS IN GLOWING PHOSPHOR.

THE TIME OF CONFESSION IS AT HAND. A TIME OF TESTING. UNKNOWN SOULS ARE PLACED AT THE CROSSROADS OF CHAOS AND ORDER.

SHOULD THE MAJORITY WALK THE PATH OF STRUCTURE, THEN BLESSED ORDER SHALL RE-VAIL. HOWEVER, SHOULD THE MAJORITY OF THE CHOSEN CHOOSE DISORDER, THEN HELL ITSELF SHALL CRUMBLE INTO CHAOS.

THE BATTLE IS JOINED. THE NAMELESS ONE KNOWS THE SCORE.



A WHITE SUPREMACIST NAMED DECCOURCY CHOOSES REPRESSION AND ORDER.

POLICE OFFICERS ELLIOT AND GEORGE INCITE A RACE RIOT. ANOTHER VICTORY FOR CHAOS.



LEO SHABEL, A GENTLE COMMUNITY LEADER BECOMES A SERIAL KILLER, TAKING A SAVAGE TURN TOWARDS CHAOS.

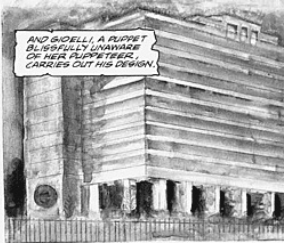
A PRIEST NAMED ABADDON LEADS A NEW INQUISITION. ORDER VICTORIOUS.





A TIE, THE FATE OF HELL RESTS IN THE HANDS OF HER FAVORITE SON. EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON GIOELLI'S CHOICE.

THE NAMELESS ONE IS UNCONCERNED. EVERYTHING IS GOING PRECISELY ACCORDING TO PLAN.



AND GIOELLI, A PUPPET BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF HER PUPPETEER, CARRIES OUT HIS DESIGN.



EVENING DR. GIOELLI. YOU'RE LOOKING REAL GOOD, DR. FISHER.



A PHARMACEUTICAL MANUFACTURER'S WAREHOUSE.

THIS WAY...

YEAH. WAIT UP!...



--YOUR MIRACLE CURE'S GOT ME BACK ON MY FEET BUT I'M NOT READY TO RUN A DAMNED MARATHON YET.

NOT YET, BUT SOON.



AND ONCE WE REPLACE THIS NEW FDA APPROVED AZT ALTERNATIVE WITH MY CURE, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF RUNNING MATES.





MY VACCINE WAS SHIPPED
OUT THIS MORNING. IT
WENT OFF WITHOUT A
HITCH.



BERNIE...?



PAPERS
SCATTERED
ABOUT AN
EMPTY
ROOM.



AN EVICTION
NOTICE
FROM HIS
CO-OP
BOARD.



AND THE
PAPER IS
STAINED...
WITH
WHAT?

BERNIE.



NOT BERNIE.

NOT ANYMORE.





OH, PLEASE.



PLEASE,
NO.



HE'S DEAD,
AND IT ISN'T
AIDS.

IT'S THE SIDE EFFECT
OF AN EXPERIMENTAL
DRUG.



A DRUG CREATED BY
ONE CASEY GIOELI, PHD.



A DRUG THAT, DUE TO
HER EFFORTS, IS EVEN
NOW BEING DISTRIBUTED
THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD.



THIS IS A HORROR STORY.

NOT A CAUTIONARY TALE, NO SIMPLE
INDICTMENT OF SCIENCE DARING TO INVESTIGATE
"WHAT MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW." THIS
ISN'T ABOUT DEMONS OR THEIR INFERNAL
MACGUFFINS.



THIS IS ABOUT REAL HORROR.
KNOWLEDGE TANGLED IN
BUREAUCRACY AND STYMIED
BY WILLFUL IGNORANCE.



LEADERS WHO WILL
NOT LEAD UNTIL THEY
SEE WHICH WAY THE
MOB IS ALREADY
HEADED THEN HAPPILY
PANTER TO THE MOB'S
WORST INSTINCTS.



BUDGETS SLASHED
WHILE HOMOPHOBIA,
RACISM AND DEATH
TOLLS ALL RISE.

A NUMBING
SENSE OF
SOMETHING
PRECIOUS,
IRREPLACABLY
LOST.



CHAOS VICTORIOUS.



THIS IS A
HORROR
STORY.



AND LONG AFTER YOU
CLOSE THESE PAGES,
THE HORROR CONTINUES...

THE END

400 B.C. THE LAND
OF CHEE-KAI-KAI.

"LISTEN WELL; I
AM DYING AND
WILL NOT TELL
THIS STORY AGAIN.
I CAN STILL RE-
MEMBER IT AS
THOUGH IT WERE
ONLY A HARVEST
AGO.

"THE SUN BEATING
DOWN.

"THE ACHING IN MY
ARMS AND LEGS.

"THE JOURNEY,
SO SLOW.

"BUT WITH EACH STEP
UNDERSTANDING MORE--

"--AND THE KNOWLEDGE
BRINGING ME CLOSER
TO MANHOOD.

"I LEARN MANY
THINGS... THAT
THE FIERCE DESTROY THE
GENTLE.

"THAT THE STRONG
DESTROY THE MEAK.

"AND THAT EVEN
THE STRONG CAN
BE TAKEN.

"STILL MY REFLECTION--

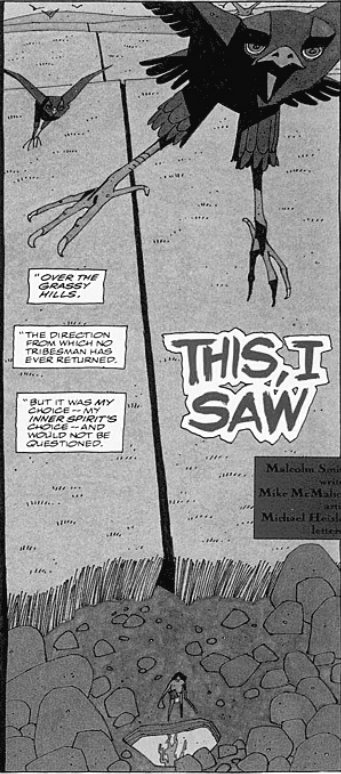
"--IS NOT YET
A MAN'S.

"SPRING-WATER
FOR THE RITUAL.

"AFTER THE CHANGE,
A MAN WILL RETURN
MY GAZE.



"I AM CALLED
LITTLE MOON.



"OVER THE
GRASSY
HILLS.

"THE DIRECTION
FROM WHICH NO
TRIBESMAN HAS
EVER RETURNED.

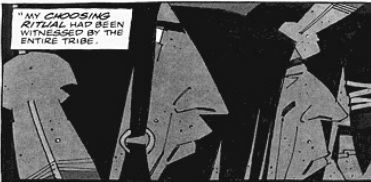
"BUT IT WAS MY
CHOICE -- MY
INNER SPIRIT'S
CHOICE -- AND
WOULD NOT BE
QUESTIONED.

"FOUR SUNS HAVE
PASSED ON MY
JOURNEY OF
CHANGE.

"WITH ONLY
TIGO AT MY
SIDE I
PRESS ON...

THIS I
SAW

Malcolm Smith
writer
Mike McMahon
artist
Michael Heisler
letterer



"MY CHOOSING
RITUAL HAD BEEN
WITNESSED BY THE
ENTIRE TRIBE."



"THE SHAMAN'S SPIN WAS
LONG AND HARD..."



"... HIS GAZE REMOTE
AS I STUMBLED, BUT
DID NOT FALL."



"I THREW
THE SPEAR--"

"--AND BEFORE
IT LANDED--"



"--THE SILENCE
TOLD ME THE WAY
I WAS TO GO."



"PITIFUL BOY--
HE TAKES ONLY
A SPARROW--"



--THE RUNT
OF BIRDS FOR THE
RUNT OF THE
TRIBE--

NEITHER
OF THEM WILL
SURVIVE.



"ONLY THE SHAMAN
HAD FAITH IN ME."

HERE IS THE
MEDICINE OF
CHANGE.

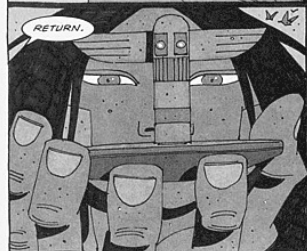
TRAVEL THE
STRAIGHT LINE
AND TRUST THE
RITUAL.



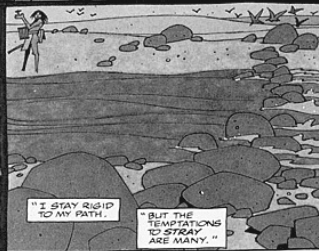
THE SUN-COMPASS
WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY.
TO STRAY MORE THAN THE
LENGTH OF TWO SPEARS
WILL BRING FAILURE.

SURPRISE US
ALL LITTLE
MOON.

HOW?



RETURN.



"I STAY RIGID
TO MY PATH.

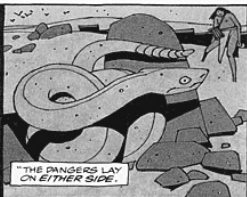
"BUT THE
TEMPTATIONS
TO STRAY
ARE MANY."



"THOUGH THE
STRAIGHT PATH
SEEMS
TREACHEROUS--"



"--IT IS NOT."



"THE DANGERS LAY
ON EITHER SIDE."



"AFTER FIVE SUNS'
PASSING I REACH A
RIDGE OF STONE."

"UP I CLIMB."



"BUT ITS FACE
IS TOO STEEP--"



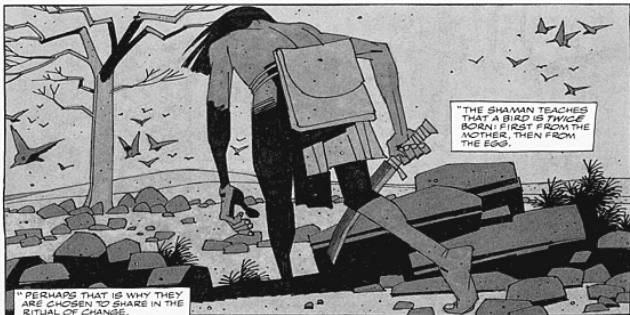
"AND THE
EARTH'S
PULL..."



"TOO STRONG."



"MY JOURNEY AS A
BOY IS OVER."



"THE SHAMAN TEACHES
THAT A BIRD IS TWICE
BORN: FIRST FROM THE
MOTHER, THEN FROM
THE EGG.

"PERHAPS THAT IS WHY THEY
ARE CHOSEN TO SHARE IN THE
RITUAL OF CHANGE.



"I FEEL SO ALONE
WITH MY BIRD--

"--EMPTY
INSIDE.



"I WONDER IF
EVEN THE SHAMAN'S
MEDICINE CAN FILL
ME.

"YET, THOUGH THERE
IS LITTLE, I SHARE
IT WITH TIGO AS THE
RITUAL PRESCRIBES.



"IT MAKES
MY INSIDES
BURN.

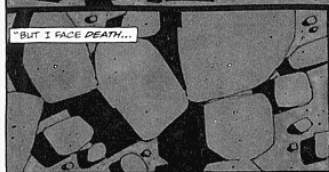
"MAKES ME FEEL
TRAPPED INSIDE
MY HUMAN SKIN.



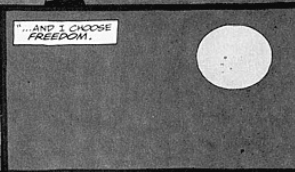
"THE MOON IS FREEDOM.
IT TEMPTS US BOTH FROM
OUR CAGES.



"I FEEL MYSELF FALLING; MY FEAR MAKES ME HEAVY.



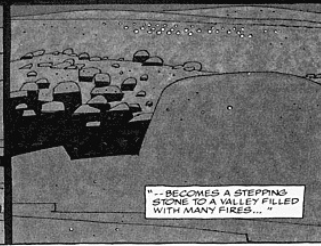
"BUT I FACE DEATH...



"...AND I CHOOSE
FREEDOM.



"I SOAR. THE
IMPASSABLE
MOUNTAIN--



"--BECOMES A STEPPING
STONE TO A VALLEY FILLED
WITH MANY FIRES..."

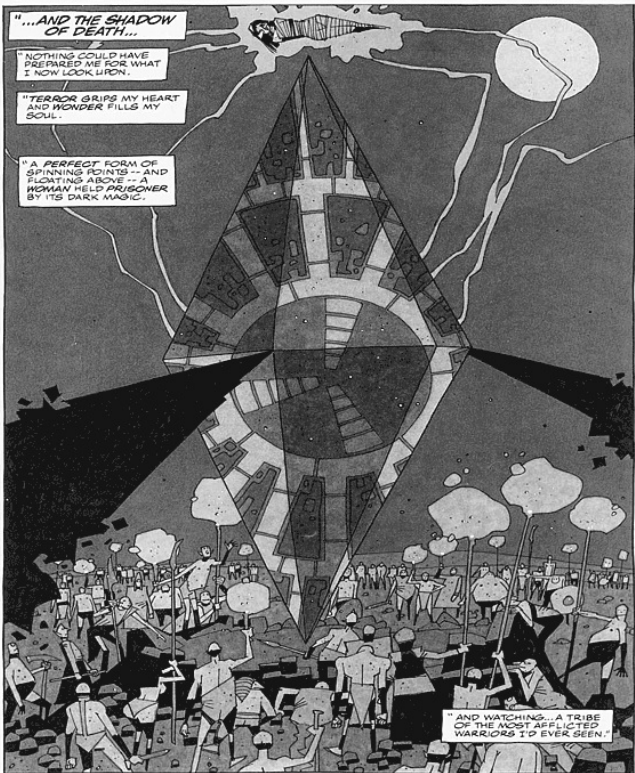
"...AND THE SHADOW
OF DEATH..."

"NOTHING COULD HAVE
PREPARED ME FOR WHAT
I NOW LOOK UPON."

"TERROR GRIPS MY HEART
AND WONDER FILLS MY
SOUL."

"A PERFECT FORM OF
SPINNING POINTS -- AND
FLOATING ABOVE -- A
WOMAN HELD PRISONER
BY ITS DARK MAGIC."

"AND WATCHING...A TRIBE
OF THE MOST AFFLICTED
WARRIORS I'D EVER SEEN."





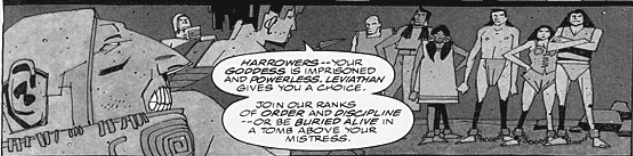
LOWER
HER!

INTO THE
VORTEX BETWEEN
HELL AND EARTH
WHERE EVEN A
GODDESS HOLDS
NO POWER.



MORTE MAMME
YOU SHOULD FEEL
HONORED.

LEVIATHAN
SACRIFICES OUR
ONLY DIRECT
PASSAGE TO
EARTH SO THAT
IT MIGHT BECOME
YOUR RESTING
PLACE.



HARROWERS--YOUR
GODDESS IS IMPRISONED
AND POWERLESS. LEVIATHAN
GIVES YOU A CHOICE.

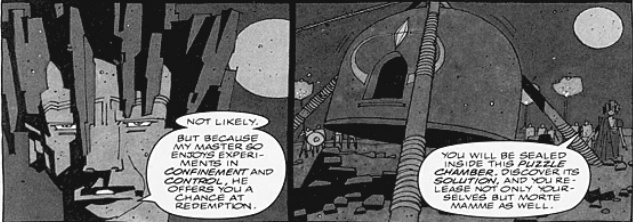
JOIN OUR RANKS
OF ORDER AND DISCIPLINE
--OR BE BURIED ALIVE IN
A TOMB ABOVE YOUR
MISTRESS.



ALIVE,
BECAUSE YOU
CANNOT KILL
US!

WE GO WITH OUR
GODDESS; SHE WILL
DETERMINE OUR
FATE...

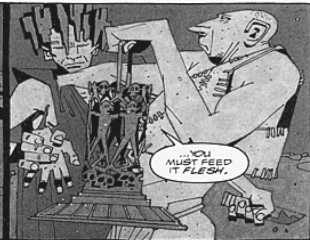
...AND YOURS
AS WELL.



NOT LIKELY.

BUT BECAUSE
MY MASTER GO
ENJOYS EXPERI-
MENTS IN
CONFINEMENT AND
CONTROL, HE
OFFERS YOU A
CHANCE AT
REDEMPTION.

YOU WILL BE SEALED
INSIDE THIS PUZZLE
CHAMBER. DISCOVER ITS
SOLUTION, AND YOU RE-
LEASE NOT ONLY YOUR-
SELVES BUT MORTE
MAMME AS WELL.



"I FOLLOW,
THOUGH I
DON'T KNOW
HOW;

"...TO GET
INSIDE."

"DRIVEN TO
SEE MORE."

"JUST
ENOUGH
SPACE..."



"THE WARRIORS
STUDY THE
SLAB, ITS CENTER
TURNING,
MAGICALLY."

"SEX
LIBERABIT"—
SIX SHALL
RELEASE."

"SI AENIGMA
EXPLICATA ERIT"—
IF THE PUZZLE IS
SOLVED."

ALL IN THE
CURSED TONGUE
OF THE DARK
ONE."



WE SHOULD NOT
WASTE OUR TIME ON
HIS PUZZLE WHEN A
MERE BOULDER
BLOCKS OUR
ESCAPE."

I CAN FEEL MORTE
MAMME BENEATH US. WE'LL
USE HER POWER TO BREAK
FREE."

WHO WILL
ASSIST ME IN
CLEARING THE
ENTRANCE?"

SHE CANNOT
HELP US WITHIN
THESE WALLS. THE
PUZZLE IS OUR
ONLY HOPE!





YOU'RE
WASTING
PRECIOUS
TIME!

WE
MUST WORK
TOGETHER
TO FIND A
SOLUTION.

"TIME PASSES."



I HAVE NO
STRENGTH.

"THE GREAT
ROCK CANNOT
BE MOVED."

"THE HORRID LAMP
GROWS DIM."

WITHOUT
LIGHT WE ARE
LOST.



I WAS
WRONG! NOW WE'VE
SQUANDERED THE
LIGHT!

I...I OFFER
MY FLESH...TO
REPAY THE
DEBT.



NO! THE
FLAME MUST BE
REKINDLED, BUT
WE WILL ALL
RISK THE
SACRIFICE.

"THE LARGEST MAN
CUTS HIS BELT INTO
SIX STRIPS."



"THEN DRAWS THE
SHORTEST."

IT'S A SMALL
PRICE TO PAY TO
SAVE OUR
GODDESS.

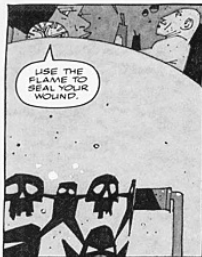


FOR
FREEDOM!

CHIK



"A GARISH AMBER
LIGHT FILLS THE
ROOM ONCE MORE."



USE THE
FLAME TO
SEAL YOUR
WOUND.



I FEAR
THAT WE WILL
ALL SOON KNOW
HIS PAIN ...



"...TOO SOON..."

I KNOW THE
ANSWER!

IF WE
TRANSLATE THE
LATIN TO SANSKRIT
THEN THE RHYME
SCHEME WILL SHOW
US THE WAY.



"... MANY TORTUOUS
HOURS PASS..."

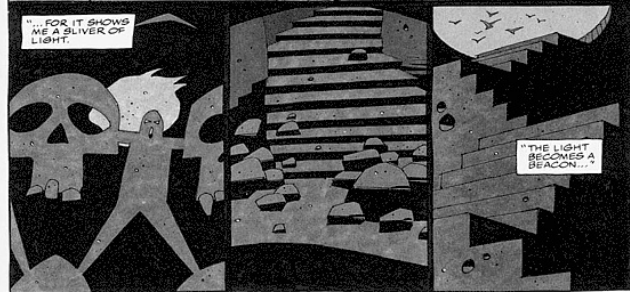
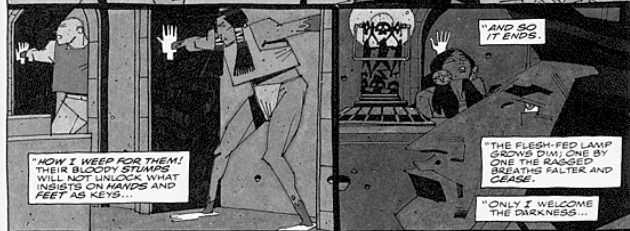
"... AS ONE BY ONE ALL
GIVE OF THEIR FLESH!"



"CONFIDENT THAT THEIR
SALVATION IS NEAR."



WE HAVE IT!
I'VE MARKED THE
EXACT ALIGNMENT
FOR THE SOLUTION.
PREPARE TO SPEAK
THE LATIN VERSE
ALOUD.





"TO FREEDOM."

"PAIN DRIVES ME FROM
MY SOARING BODY."

"MY SPIRIT HANGS
IN NOTHINGNESS
AS I WATCH TICO
DIE."

"NOW I
UNDERSTAND."



"I AWAKE AS IF
FROM A DREAM--
THE MEDICINE OF
CHANGE SWEATED
FROM MY BODY."

"I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO.
I AM TO RETURN TO MY
TRIBE AND TELL THEM:
THIS, I SAW."



THAT WAS MANY YEARS
AGO, AND ALL WHO LISTENED
TO MY TALE *KNEW* IN THEIR
HEARTS (AS YOU KNOW NOW)
THAT IT HAD NOT BEEN IM-
AGINED, BUT WAS REAL.



YET MY TRIBE
NEEDED *PROOF*
OF ITS TRUTH.



SO I LED THE
SHAMAN AND A
GROUP OF WAR-
RIORS BACK TO
THE RIDGE OF
STONE.



"THIS TIME IT WAS
SURMOUNTED WITH-
OUT WINGS."

"IT WAS ALL AS
I HAD SEEN."

"THE PLACE WAS SO
FORBIDDING -- EVEN
THE SHAMAN WOULD
NOT APPROACH."

"I HELD THE CRUSHED BODY
OF TWICE-BORN TICO --
BRAVE TICO -- HE DIED THAT
I MIGHT HAVE A SECOND
BIRTH."

"ON THAT SPOT
WE CARVED AN
ENORMOUS
SPARROW'S
EGG OF ROCK..."

"...SET ON A
MASSIVE SLAB
OF STONE..."

"...AND LEFT THEM
TO MARK THE GRAVE
OF THE STRANGE
WARRIORS..."

"--AND OF THE
LITTLE BIRD."

AS YOUR SHAMAN
I CHARGE YOU. WHEN
I AM DEAD, KEEP
THIS STORY ALIVE.

ONE DAY
ANOTHER SIX
SHALL COME TO
WAGE WAR ON
THE GOD OF
MANY POINTS.

"FOR EVEN THE STRONG
CAN BE TAKEN, AND EVEN
MORTALS MAY PLAY A
PART IN THE BATTLE
AGAINST THE DARK ONE."

TO BE CONTINUED...

GRIOT'S FATE WAS WRITTEN SINCE BEFORE HE WAS UNDEAD

PREORDAINED TO HANG WITH THE TATOOED REMAINS OF HIS ANCESTORS--

-- EVERY IMAGE ON EVERY SKIN A DIFFERENT STORY OF THE INFERNAL IN THE ANNALS OF A PLACE CALLED HELL.

CEASE THIS WEARISOM CONCENTRATION OF YOUR FAT, CENOBITE

D.G. Chichester
writer
Dan Lawlis
with
John Rheaume
artists
Rick Parker
letterer

RECKONING



-- YOUR SERVICES ARE REQUIRED AT THE COURT OF OUR LORD LEVIATHAN!



THE VASA INIQUITATIS HAVE RETURNED-- SANS THEIR UNHOLIER-THAN-THOU PIN-HEADED LEADER, I MIGHT ADD.



JUDGMENT MUST COMMENCE! THE TIME OF CONFIGURATION MUST REVEAL ITS FINAL PATTERNS OF ORDER OR CHAOS!



YOU MUST TRANSCRIBE THE VERDICTS OF THE TRIBUNAL ON YOUR FLESH, GRIOT-- YOUR RING WILL CARRY THE WEIGHT OF HELL'S STANDING INTO THE FUTURE!

IF WE ARE TO HAVE A FUTURE, PRAY FOR A FUTURE

THE DRAGON THROUGHTS OF INTO THE PA... AS DOES THE BLOOD HE HAS PLEDGED TO HIS DARK CHAOS...

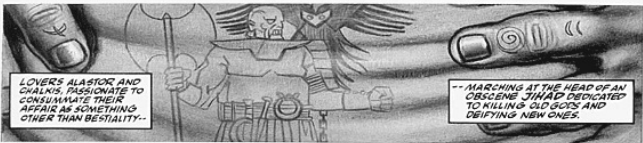


IMAGES OF AN INNOCENT NAMED
KIRSTIE, RIFE FOR THE INCESTUOUS
TOUCH OF FLEAYED AND DIABOLIC
UNCLE FRANK.



A SURGEON CALLED
CHANARD, CUTTING
DEEP INTO THE
LABYRINTH OF
THE HUMAN BRAIN--

-- THERE TO FIND HIS OWN
MADNESS AND A DESTINY
AS ONE OF THE ABYSS'
STORMTROOPERS.

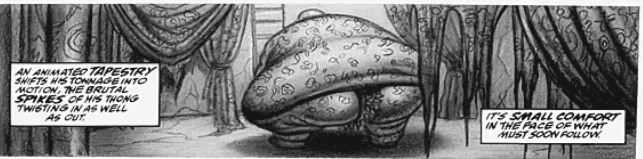


LOVERS ALASTOR AND
CHALKIS, PASSIONATE TO
CONSUMMATE THEIR
AFFAIR AS SOMETHING
OTHER THAN BESTIALITY--

-- MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF AN
OBSCENE JIHAD DEDICATED
TO KILLING OLD GODS AND
DEIFYING NEW ONES.



LOOSE FOLDS PULL OUT
EASILY, SAGGING INTO
EMPTY SPACES FOR THE
DRAMAS TO COME OUT OF
ABATUR'S COURTROOM.

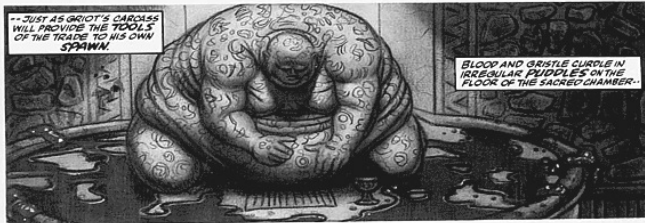


AN ANIMATED TAPESTRY
SHIFTS HIS TONNAGE INTO
MOTION, THE BRUTAL
SPIRES OF HIS THONG
TWISTING IN AS WELL
AS OUT.

IT'S SMALL COMFORT
IN THE FACE OF WHAT
MUST SOON FOLLOW.



FUNCTIONAL METAL BONDED TO SHARPENED BONE, FASHIONED FROM THE STRIPPED CLEAN SKELETON OF HIS FATHER--



-- JUST AS GRIOT'S CARCASS WILL PROVIDE THE **TOOLS** OF THE TRADE TO HIS OWN SPAWN.

BLOOD AND BRISTLE CURDLE IN IRREGULAR PUDDLES ON THE FLOOR OF THE SACRED CHAMBER..



-- GRIOT'S REVULSION NOT AT THE TOUCH OF THE MEATY MATTER, BUT AT ITS **CHAOTIC ROOTS**.



TATTOOING NEEDLES HISS IN THE WARM ANIX, GREEDILY SUCKING UP THE CENOBITE'S SPECIAL DYE.



LOOKING UP FROM HIS GRIM TASK, THE DISGUST ON GRIOT'S FACE TURNS TO **SADNESS**--

-- TRAGIC DEPRESSION AT WHAT ROLS ABOVE, SENDS DOWN ITS **SHOULISH RAIN**.



A STORM-SYMBOL OF WHAT PLAGUES
THE VERY ESSENCE OF DOWN BELOW.

SYMMETRY HAD BEEN THE
GRACEFUL DANCE OF ANCIENT
CHIDNA AND BASILISK.

SAVAGERY WAS THE NEW
STEP AN ANOMALOUS
DEATH WALTZ MARKING
THE CREPED TIME OF
CONFIGURATION.



AN INFERNAL EQUINOX OF SUPREME
MALEVOLENCE, CHAOS AND ORDER
VYING FOR SUPREMACY AT A COSMIC
LEVEL.

CHOOSING AGENTS FROM
ABOVE AND BELOW TO
CHAMPION ONE SIDE AND
ANOTHER.

ABOVE, UNSUSPECTING MEN AND
WOMEN PLACED AT CRITICAL
CROSSROADS.

MICHAEL DECOURCY,
LEADING HIS AFRICAN
NATION OUT OF APAR-
THEID OR INTO FASCISM.

FATHER PETER
ABADDON,
PREACHING
SPIRITUAL
ENLIGHTENMENT
OR SOCIAL
INQUISITION.

DR. CASEY GIOELI, METHODICALLY
DISCOVERING AN AIDS VACCINE
OR ACCIDENTALLY UNLEASHING
AN EVEN DEADLIER SICKNESS.

LEO SHABEL, CLEANING
UP AN INNER CITY JUNGLE
OR GIVING IN TO BLOOD-
LUST.

OFFICERS LESTER GEORGE AND
JILLIAN ELLIOT, EXAMPLES FOR
BRINGING ETHNIC GROUPS TO-
GETHER OR PLUNGING A MET-
ROPOLIS INTO A FURY OF RACE
RIOTS.

FROM BELOW, ALL TOO AWARE
CENOBITES ON THE DEFENSE
AGAINST CHANGE.

THE VAGA INIQUITATIS, THE GOD
LEVIATHAN'S HAND-PICKED
VESSELS OF ANGER AND
INVENTORS OF THE WICKED
ARTS--

-- A SO-CALLED DEVIL'S
BRIGADE CHARGED WITH
GUIDING THE HUMANS
DOWN THE PATH OF
DISCIPLINE.

**A FIGHTING FORCE OF THE DAMNED
NOW MADE TO ACCOUNT FOR THEIR
WAR CRIMES...**

**... DEGREES OF SINFULNESS
TO HELL'S GAIN OR LOSS.**

HEAR YE AND
KNOW! THIS COURT
IS NO DIFFERENT
THAN ANY OTHER--

--SAVE THAT
ALL HERE ARE
GUILTY!



THE EXTENT AND IMPORT OF YOUR **TRANSGRESSIONS** YOU, YOURSELF SHALL JUDGE, WITH WHAT **PASSES** FOR YOUR **HEARTS**.

SO IT WILL STAND REVEALED WHETHER **ORDER** SUSTAINS OUR PLACE OF TORMENT... OR **CHAOS** HAS **UNDERMINED** US THROUGH YOUR FAILURE!

THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN HIDE...



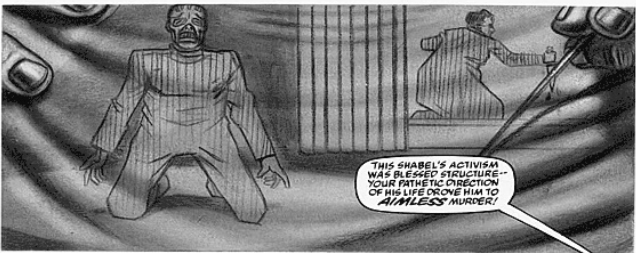
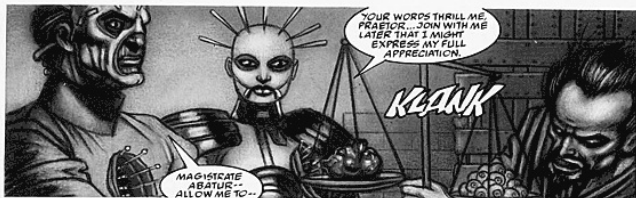
KLANK

... AS YOU CAN SEE, LEVIATHAN'S **JUSTICE** IS FAR FROM **BLIND**.

YOU HAVE DONE WELL ABIGOR.



ETERNAL LEGIONS WILL KNOW OF YOUR TRIUMPH WITH THE MAN DECOURCY.



I'VE MY ACCOUNT WRITTEN
DOWN RIGHT HERE, PRAETOR!

YOU
REDEEM US,
BALBERTH--

KLANK

WHAT'RE YOU EFFIN' LOOKIN'
AT, DOUCHEBAG?

A POOR EXCUSE
OF A CENOBITE,
ATKINS.

KLANK

YOUR BLUSTER
AND BRAVADO MAY
HAVE SERVED YOU
WELL IN VIETNAM--

--THE WORD FROM YOUR
GOOD BOOK SHOWING PREACH-
ER A BADPON THE BLAS-
PHEMY OF RADICAL CHANGE
AND THE HOLINESS OF
THE STRAIGHT AND
NARROW!

--IN THIS
CAMPAIGN THEY
HAVE NEARLY HANDED
ANARCHY THE DAY!

THE CAPERING WAVE OF
VIOLENCE YOU SET LOOSE IS
AN AFFRONT TO THE TENETS
OF STABILITY YOU WERE
SENT TO UPHOLD!









*THERE WILL BE
ORDER
IN THIS COURT!*



YOU DARE! COME
DOWN FROM MY BENCH,
TURNCOAT, AND BE
JUDGED FOR YOUR
SINS!



YOU ARE
NOT FIT
TO JUDGE
MY SINS...

... BUT I WILL
GLADLY ADD
YOU TO THEM.



KLINK KLANK



YOUR LACK OF
FAITH IS A
SHAMEFUL
THING...

...NOT IN ME,
BUT IN THE CONSECRATED
ORDER TO WHICH YOU HAVE
PLEGGED YOURSELVES.



WERE HERE
WAS FAITH.

YES, I LET THE
WOMAN RELEASE
A PLAGUE
OF DISARRAY--
SUCH WAS MY
PURPOSE.



FOR I ALSO LEFT HER
WITH A **CONFIGURATION**
OF ENZYMES AND PROTEINS
THAT WILL INEVITABLY LEAD
HER TO SOLVE THE **Puzzle**
OF HER VACCINE--

--AN **ORDERLY**
PROCESS THAT WILL,
IN THE END, ALLOW ME TO
SNATCH **VICTORY**
FROM THE JAWS OF
DEFEAT.

FOR WHAT COULD BE
SWEETER THAN TO ALLOW
CHAOS TO THINK IT HAS
WON THE DAY...

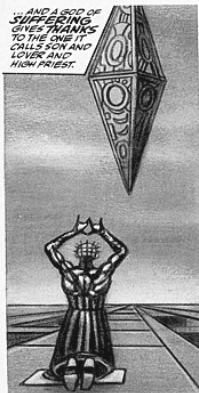
...ONLY TO
FIND THAT WE HAVE
GAINED ETERNITY...



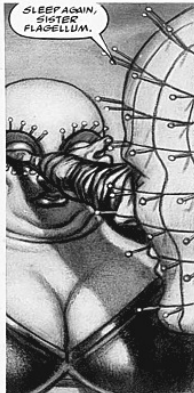
AN ANCIENT CHAMBER
IS CALM ONCE MORE...



... AND A GOD OF
SUFFERING
GIVES THANKS
TO THE ONE IT
CALLS SON AND
LOVER AND
HIGH PRIEST.



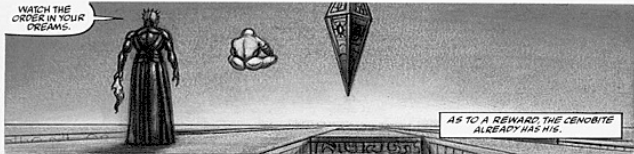
SLEEP AGAIN,
SISTER
FLAGELLUM.



MASTER... I
OFFER A MOST
GLORIOUS
BEATING,
A REWARD
FOR YOUR
PIOUS CUNNING,
AND A MEANS
OF SOME
ATONEMENT
FOR MY
DISHONORABLE
BEHAVIOR.



WATCH THE
ORDER IN YOUR
DREAMS.



AS TO A REWARD, THE CENOBIITE
ALREADY HAS HIS.



THE PROMISE OF WHAT DR.
GIGELI WILL ACHIEVE IN THE
SERVICE OF MANKIND WILL
TIP THE SCALES ONCE MORE
IN LEVIATHAN'S FAVOR--

-- AND BRING THE SWEET TASTE OF HER
FLESH ONCE MORE TO HIS LIPS AS
SHE JOINS HIM IN HELL.

THOUGH HIS PLANS MAY
WEAKEN HELL IN THE
SHORT RUN, IN THE LONG
TERM HELL MUST PRE-
VAIL. GIGELI SHALL BE HIS.



NO DEMON COULD ASK FOR
ANYTHING MORE. EXCEPT,
PERHAPS, FOR THE REST OF
HER RACE TO FOLLOW
SOON AFTER.

BENEATH COLD, BEYOND-
DEAD FINGERS, PIERCINGS
ADJUST TO A PRECISE
SYMMETRY HUMANITY
CAN'T HOPE TO DENY...

THE END



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A time of Omega and Alpha. . .

The last troop of a Devil's Brigade fights
to see diabolic order preserved in a quest
for a vaccine that will save
millions. . . while below, an infernal court
proclaims sentence on a Hell besieged by
the terrible chaos tearing the abyss apart.

And in the prehistoric past, a boy
glimpses the secret of a dread goddess —
the Death Mother — who will rise again
soon to provide Leviathan with its
greatest challenge ever.

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